



Tattersall's Club Magazine

The
**OFFICIAL ORGAN
OF
TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SYDNEY.**

Vol. 17. No. 10. December, 1944.



CHRISTMAS ISSUE

AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY CLUB

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SUMMER MEETING

(RANDWICK RACECOURSE)

December 23rd and 26th, 1944

PRINCIPAL EVENTS:

FIRST DAY, SATURDAY, 23rd DECEMBER.

THE VILLIERS STAKES, £1500 added
One Mile

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SECOND DAY (BOXING DAY), TUESDAY, 26th DECEMBER.

THE SUMMER CUP . . . £2000 added
One Mile and Five Furlongs

THE DECEMBER STAKES, £1500 added
Five Furlongs

Admission tickets for the Saddling Paddock only may be purchased on the days of the races at the Hotel Australia, Castlereagh Street, and A. A. Marks, Tobacconist, Circular Quay.

GEO. T. ROWE,
Secretary.

6 Bligh Street, Sydney.



TATTERSALL'S CLUB

157 ELIZABETH STREET
SYDNEY

Established 14th May,
1858.

Chairman :

W. W. HILL

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Treasurer :

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Secretary :

T. T. MANNING

LET us in this Christmas season, ravaged though it be of its traditions, pause and reflect on the good fortune that is ours.

We in Australia have been spared the horrors visited upon our Mother Britain and other countries. We have come through scathless. The odds are on this happy condition holding.

Money has been in prodigal supply. Everybody has had plenty to eat and to drink. Rationing essential foodstuffs and apparel has not entailed any real sacrifice. Indeed, but for the casualty lists—serious enough and saddening enough, to be sure—ours is a lot paralleled only by America.

All this cannot excuse complacency. The fighting fronts are aflame. In the Pacific bold strategic assaults are proceeding. Before settling day many more good Australians will have paid with their lives. We must continue to do what we can and give what we can. Otherwise, the spirit of Christmas will have eluded us, and a great deal of consolation shattered in our hearts.

The Club Man's Diary

DECEMBER BIRTHDAYS: 2nd, E. C. Murray; 7th, F. Z. Eager; 10th, A. J. Mc Dowell, F. J. Shephard; 12th, W. Gourley; 13th, Eric Pratt; 17th, E. O. Crowhurst; 19th, John T. Jennings; 20th, E. W. King; 25th, W. Sherman; 26th, J. Blume; 28th, M. Gearin, Dr. A. S. Reading; 29th, E. J. Hazell; 30th, C. S. Brice.

* * *

The Courtship-Civic Pride match recalled other two-horse races in big and small fields in the past, some before my time; but here are those I recollect (with the names of the winners given first): Trafalgar-Malt King; Beauford-Eurythmic; Windbag-Heroic.

There were also those duals between Beauford and Gloaming.

* * *

I had written here, to adorn a tale, the old "sisters and brothers have I none" gag. That was all right. Unfortunately my memory let me down in an important particular — the answer.

I wrote that the picture was that of myself. John Hickey was certain that the picture was that of my son. Mr. Hickey, with the tenacity of his tribe, was driving home his submissions when I applied for an adjournment, sine die.

Argument was resumed in the official stand at Randwick, when my learned friend began to prove his case by algebraic equation. Fearing that he might lead me into a discussion on the differential calculus, I capitulated.

* * *

The same story repeated by the same daily newspaper: "Crockett gave Clem Hill run out in Australia's second innings when he and the late Victor Trumper were thrashing the English bowling. The crowd demonstrated noisily. Hill to this day says he was not out."

To repeat my reference to the foregoing on its first airing: (1) The umpire (Crockett) was in a better position to see, and therefore, to judge, than either Hill or the crowd; (2) the umpire was more competent to judge; (3) Hill was reported to

have regained his crease, but not in time to ground his bat; (4) the noisy demonstrations by crowds are usually evidence of bias, not of reason; so that all that was proved by the crowd having "demonstrated noisily" at the time was that the crowd was "put out," as Hill was said to have been in the emotional sense. Incidentally, Hill was given out.

Apart from probably a passing chagrin on that occasion, Hill is recorded in cricket history as a great sportsman, as he is accepted as a great batsman — "the greatest left-hander of all time," according to the late Clarence Moody, acknowledged to have been a competent judge of the game.

* * *

Mr. C. V. Potts, Sydney Manager of the B.H.P. Co., is known Australia-wide and overseas as a big director of business. Our acquaintance with him in this club is as a sportsman. He has played the game in life, as in other years he played the game as cricketer, as lacrosse player (he reped for Victoria against South Australia) and, in later years, as a golfer. From the end of the year he will retire from his position with the B.H.P. Co. and will take with him our good wishes, along with those of members of the business community everywhere.

* * *

During luncheon-hour on a recent day I noticed two old-fashioned fellows playing billiards.

* * *

There is the story of the illusionist and the parrot as told at Randwick by E. A. Nettlefold to John Fuller.

The illusionist and the parrot were aboard ship in mid-ocean. Every time the illusionist completed an act the parrot cried "fake!" Suddenly the ship was torpedoed. Only survivors were the illusionist and the parrot, on a raft. All that day and night the parrot shivered, but remained silent. On the following morning, still shivering, the parrot

addressed the illusionist: "Well, what happened to the blanky ship?"

* * *

Where are the graves of our spectacular champions of other years — and who cares? Some of the graves are tended by descendants unto the third generation; other graves may be located, and that is about all. Memory, much less history, counts for nothing.

Those thoughts arose from a talk with Frank Underwood. He had said that, while most people were aware of the locality of Searle's monument, few knew where the peerless sculler was buried.

Maclean is the place. I understand that his grave is being tended. In any case, as Frank Underwood suggested, a body of sportsmen, with an appreciation of the glories of the past, should undertake this mission of tending the graves of champions. It should be their boast in time that all the graves had been located, reclaimed, and would never more be neglected.

Any sportsmen should be proud to be a member of such a club, society, organisation — call it what you will — and to pass on the responsibility as a legacy to his son.

* * *

I found myself swinging in all directions at the mob, and shouting: "You must not harm this man! He has issued a National Security Regulation directing that all radio sets within shrieking distance of an area within five miles of the G.P.O. shall be screwed down to half tone." I was prepared to die for that man, if need be.

P.S.: There was no need. It was only a dream.

* * *

Out of the previous war, Australia got the nucleus of a Test XI which returned the game to a pinnacle and kept it there for many seasons. Barring misadventure — for some of our potential Test men have to bomb Germany between games — Australia should be in a position, when the Huns are sent to the pavilion, to throw down the gauge to England.

But think how many champions in the making, on England's side and on ours, have been lost, and of the many others who will be lost, before the flags fly over Lords on Test-match occasions again.

Some of these lads had just begun to live when they died.

* * *

We may have a visit from Hobbs and Sutcliffe, according to the cables. As England's opening Test batsmen they could more often than not be relied upon "to make a stand." Occasionally they made a century each as a serviceable contribution to the aggregate. But I remember them chiefly, if not cheerfully, for their "stand" — standing at the creases and declining obstinately to have a smack at any but the loose stuff.

Hobbs and Sutcliffe didn't lack skill, but they had no truck with enterprise. They were not the gay adventurers of the Woolley, Hendren and Leyland schools. Their centuries were laborious. Artisans, not artists, best described them. Thirty minutes of the spectacular stroking of Trumper and Duff were worth a day of the technical orthodoxy of the English pair.

* * *

Opening batsmen are not expected to "hit out or get out"; but there is a limit to caution—and Hobbs and Sutcliffe were "the limit." An Australian Test bowler once told me that none of the regular bowlers expected to bowl either Hobbs or Sutcliffe; each had to be tricked out—as when Gregory tossed one down to tempt a simple leg glance and Hobbs, falling for it, Oldfield moved across and bagged the catch. One English newspaper on that occasion featured a poster: — "Naughty Hobbs," to chide him for his duck.

* * *

Sutcliffe also fell into a trap, but escaped. The Australians noticed that he was prone to lash out — an extraordinary lapse for Sutcliffe — at a high-bouncing ball pitched outside the leg stump.

The plan was worked out in the Australians' dressing room. Gregory was to signal Ponsford in the outfield when he (Gregory) intended to send down the pre-arranged ball.

Sutcliffe skied it. Ponsford, on his toes, rushed in and got under the ball. Usually he was a sure "catch" —but he missed that one; and Sutcliffe went on to make a big score. He couldn't be tempted twice in the one day.

* * *

What I admired about Warren Bardsley as an opening batsman — and few were greater on English wickets, particularly — was that, if the first ball sent down to him was an open invitation for a boundary hit, he accepted the invitation with open shoulders. Bardsley was probably the surest thrower at the wickets from a distance in his time. Bradman was not far behind.

* * *

Charlie Kellaway, who died recently, was never among the great all-rounders, but he should be included among the near-great. He was a better bowler — particularly with the new ball — than a batsman; but, when the occasion demanded it, he — like Poitrel on the racecourse — could stay all day. Imperturbable, dour, he was never affected by barracking.

* * *

There was a great fuss once over his omission from a Test team. New South Wales reckoned he should have been chosen before the Victorian, Ryder, who was a selector—but who, of course, had not chosen himself as one of a committee of three.

When Ryder led the Victorians in a match against N.S.W. on the Sydney Cricket Ground, feeling ran high. The Victorians had had a dispiriting day in the field before N.S.W. was dismissed. About an hour remained for play. The visiting players were dog tired. A sensation was caused when the board showed Ryder as one of the opening batsmen. Ordinarily he did not open. But Jack was a sportsman determined to live up to his captain's role in the best traditions of the game.

He didn't last long. When Kellaway bowled him with the new ball — which he turned — the crowd yelled with delight. Their prejudice had been gratified — but at what cost to their sportsmanship, so called?

Some years ago a Sydney detective asked me how Squizzy Taylor had died. As I had talked with a man who said he had been shot by the Taylor gang—and declared that he would get even — I gave him my version. Incidentally, the man to whom I had spoken had not been in on the kill. The detective said that my version was inaccurate and promised to tell me the story on another occasion — a third party was present at the time.

Recently I quoted to the detective a story written in the "Daily Mirror" by Jim Donald, and which included: "When Taylor appeared in the doorway, Cudmore shot him in the stomach and was then immediately shot dead by one of Squizzy's henchmen. Taylor was then taken to St. Vincent's Hospital (Melbourne) where he died a few hours later."

"That's the true story," my friend, the detective, said.

* * *

How history is being mangled—quoting a review in the "Sunday Telegraph" by "The Dustman" of "Invasion," by Charles Christian Wertenbaker, American correspondent:

We all, of course, know that the Americans are reticent people. Charles Christian Wertenbaker is an exception. He calls his book "Invasion," and it purports to be about that great affair which began on D-Day. Historians will probably record that a few British soldiers, even a British general or two, and a sprinkling of Canadians, gave a hand on that notable occasion. Reading Charles Christian Wertenbaker you'll be quite certain that everything that happened from the moment of the invasion up to the fall of Cherbourg was an exclusively American affair. In the first half of the book (84 pages) Master Wertenbaker allows General Omar Bradley to take a bow 40 times. Field-Marshal Montgomery enjoys a passing reference seven times. General Eisenhower naturally picked Omar Bradley because of his genius. How Montgomery came to be picked for the Commander-in-Chief's staff is not as clear.

TATTERSALL'S CLUB

ANNUAL RACE MEETING at RANDWICK RACECOURSE

Saturday, December 30, 1944 — Monday, January 1, 1945

PROGRAMME.

First Day, Saturday, 30th December, 1944.

THE MAIDEN HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £5 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 28th December, 1944; with £500 added. Second horse £100, and third horse £50 from the prize. For maiden horses five-year-old and under at time of starting. Lowest handicap weight not less than 7st. SEVEN FURLONGS.

THE JUVENILE STAKES.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 28th December, 1944; with £600 added. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize. For two-year-olds. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st. FIVE FURLONGS.

THE CARRINGTON STAKES.

(Nominations closed 27th November, 1944.)

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £15 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 28th December, 1944; with £1,500 added. Second horse £300, and third horse £150 from the prize. The winner of The Villiers Stakes or The Summer Cup, 1944, to carry such penalty, if any, not exceeding 10lb., as the Handicapper may impose and declare. Such declaration to be made not later than 10 a.m. on Wednesday, 27th December, 1944. SIX FURLONGS.

THE NOVICE HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 28th December, 1944; with £600 added. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize. For horses five-years-old and under which have never, at time of starting, won a flat race (Maiden Race excepted) of the value to the winner of more than £50. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st. ONE MILE.

THE PACE WELTER.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 28th December, 1944; with £600 added. Second horse £120, and third horse £60 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st. 7lb. ONE MILE.

THE DENMAN HANDICAP.

A Handicap Sweepstakes of £6 each, £1 forfeit if declared to the Secretary before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 28th December, 1944; with £750 added. Second horse £150, and third horse £75 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, not less than 7st. ONE MILE AND A QUARTER.

Nominations for minor events are to be made with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, or the Secretary, N.J.C., Newcastle, before 4 p.m. on Monday, 18th December, 1944. Nominations shall be subject to the Rules of Racing, By-laws and Regulations of the Australian Jockey Club for the time being in force and by which the Nominator agrees to be bound.

Penalties: In all races (The Carrington Stakes and Tattersall's Club Cup excepted) a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: when the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5lb.; over £100, 7lb.

Weights to be declared as follows:—For The Carrington Stakes and Tattersall's Club Cup, at 10 a.m., Monday, 11th December, 1944; For Minor Events, First Day, at 10 a.m. Wednesday, 27th December, 1944; and for Minor Events, Second Day, at 7 p.m. Saturday, 30th December, 1944.

Acceptances are due with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club only as follows: For all races on the First day and Tattersall's Club Cup before 1 p.m., Thursday, 28th December, 1944, and for all Races on the Second Day (Tattersall's Club Cup excepted) before 9 p.m. Saturday, 30th December, 1944.

The Committee reserves to itself the right to reject, after acceptance time, all or any of the entries of the lower weighted horses accepting in any race in excess of the number of horses which would be run in such a race without a division, except that provision may be made for three Emergency Acceptors to replace horses scratched or withdrawn from the original acceptance.

The horses on the same weight to be selected for rejection by lot.

The nomination fees for horses rejected to be refunded as provided in A.J.C. Rule 50 of Racing. In the case of horses engaged in more than one race on the same day, when such races are affected by condition of elimination, a horse if an acceptor for more than one race, shall be permitted to start in one race only. The qualification to start to be determined in the order of the races on the advertised programme.

The Committee reserves the power from time to time to alter the date of running, to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the sequence of the races and the time for taking entries, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances, to vary the distance of any race and to change the venue of the meeting, and in the event of the Outer Course being used, races will be run at "About" the distances advertised.

The Committee also reserves to itself the right in connection with any of the above Races, should the conditions existing warrant it, to reduce the amount of the prize money, forfeits and sweepstakes advertised, and to cancel the meeting should the necessity arise.

T. T. MANNING,
Secretary.

WHAT BRITAIN HAS DONE

Huge Effort — Striking Figures — Amazing Results

Belated Official Disclosures that Thrill the World

*If England was what England seems,
And not the England of our dreams,
But only putty, brass and paint,
'Ow quick we'd drop 'er—but she
ain't.*

Inevitably the couplet recurs to mind as one reads the disclosures furnished by the White Paper read to the House of Commons by the Prime Minister on November 28. Never has the British capacity for under-statement as distinct from over-statement, its repugnance for exaggeration and its congenital dislike for advertisement and self-praise been more apparent than in its address to its achievements in this war, both on the field of battle and on the production front; yet never has a people in the face of a greater or graver challenge equipped itself with sword and buckler with a greater resolution or more complete endeavour; never on sea, or on land or in the air has the record shone with a brighter lustre than it does to-day now that the veil has been drawn aside and the facts made plain. It is true to demonstration, as one contemplates this coldly official record, that Britain has thrown into this war the full resources, material and moral, of her ancient national inheritance, and has developed great fresh resources from the old. The refashioned community of Britain at war is the novel achievement of a tested tradition.

Characteristically unmoved up till now, Britain and her Empire have listened to the apportionment of praise and blame on a new and strident note of modern journalism that is quite without any exact parallel in the history of war recording, and in the diapason of competitive story-telling her effort and achievement have tended to be overlooked if not deliberately slighted in much the same way that our own minor effort in our own particular theatre of war in the Pacific has suffered. Now comes this belated official statement of what has been done,

what has been achieved. And what a record!

The Minister for Information (Mr. Brendan Bracken), himself an Australian, in a talk with newspaper men about the White Paper said the "blackout" hitherto of Britain's war effort had been harmful, as it had weakened understanding of the full measure of her achievement and sacrifices. It might be objected, he added, that the Government had been too strict in its security precautions, but the German's vast system of spying had thus got little information about military and industrial secrets since the war started. Among other things he said this: "One of the tremendous facts standing clear in the White Paper is that the total war effort of the population of Great Britain, per head, is greater than that of any other belligerent."

Let this amazing record speak for itself. Let it be got into its correct perspective by everyone who reads. Let the proper comparisons be made. Let the available parallels be noted. From whatever angle it is judged, by whatever yard-stick it is measured, in whatever balance it is poised, the result can only be one of general satisfaction — of general satisfaction and thankfulness, and a justifiable pride in the heritage that accrues to all whose birthright is British. The Prime Minister (Mr. Churchill) and the War Cabinet made the final decision to tell the world the amazing story of Britain's war effort, and the decision, we dare to suggest, has not been made one minute too soon.

Here, then, is the bare outline of it all:

Five Years' Production of Arms.

Munitions production in the five years was:—

Major naval vessels, 722; mosquito craft, 1,386; other naval vessels, 3,636.

Field, medium, and heavy artillery, 13,512.

Heavy anti-aircraft guns, 6,294; light anti-aircraft guns, 15,324.

Machine-guns and sub-machine-guns, 3,729,921; rifles, 2,001,949.

Tanks, 25,116; wheeled vehicles, 919,111; troop carriers and armoured cars, 74,802.

Heavy bombers, 10,018; medium bombers and light bombers, 17,782; fighters, 38,025; naval planes, 6,208; training planes, 25,346. (Also general reconnaissance transport and other planes).

Detailing the output of aircraft, the White Paper discloses the production of heavy bombers rose from only 41 for the whole of 1940 to 2,889 for the first six months of 1944.

Fighters increased from 110 a month in 1939 to 940 a month in the first half of this year. Fighter production reached the peak of 10,727 in 1943.

The output of aero engines rose from 24,074 in 1940 to 31,643 in the first half of 1944, while the average horsepower of engines in the same period was doubled.

The average bomb-load increased from 1.2 tons per bomber in 1939 to four tons in 1943.

The monthly output of munitions in the first half of 1944 is estimated at about six times greater than at the outbreak of the war.

Britain, it is estimated, produced about 70 per cent. of the total supply of munitions for the Empire. Other Empire countries produced about 10 per cent. and the remainder came from the United States.

British shipyards to the end of 1943 produced 4,717,000 gross tons of merchant shipping in addition to Canadian production and purchases and captures, but losses and allowance for ships returnable to other flags reduced the total of Britain's ocean-going merchant fleet from 17,500,000 gross tons at the outbreak of war to 13,500,000 at the end of 1943.

The situation improved early in 1944.

British merchantment lost to the end of 1943 from all causes totalled 2,921. Allied losses were 1,937 and neutral 900, with a total gross tonnage of 22,161,000.

22 Million People Mobilised.

Between June, 1939, and June, 1944, the total number of men, aged between 14 and 64, and women, aged between 14 and 59, in the Services or in industry, rose by 3,500,000 to 22,000,000, of whom 10,300,000 were at June, 1944, in the Services or in whole-time civil defence, or employed in industries mainly concerned in the output of munitions.

There were 5,700,000 in agriculture, mining, Government service, etc., 6,000,000 in building, civil engineering, other manufacturing industries, distributive trades, and civilian services.

Of the total of 7,600,000 engaged in manufacturing industries in June, 1944, 76 per cent. were on Government work, 20 per cent. on work for the home market, and 4 per cent. producing export goods.

By June, 1944, 4,500,000 men were in the armed forces, against

477,000 at the beginning of the war.

The total number of men who served or are serving with the forces, including casualties, and those released on medical and other grounds, is more than 5,500,000.

Of all men aged between 18 and 40, 57 per cent. have been called to the forces.

By June, 1944, of 16,000,000 women aged between 14 and 59, 7,100,000 were in the auxiliary services and whole-time civil defence and industry, an increase of more than 2,250,000 since the beginning of the war.

An additional 900,000 women were in part-time industry and 350,000 in part-time civil defence.

Women employed on munitions in June, 1944, numbered 1,851,000, and in other war industries 1,664,000.

Fifty-five per cent. of all women aged between 18 and 40 were called to the Services and to industry.

The total men and women employed on munitions increased in the war period from 3,000,000 to

5,000,000. Most of the increase was due to the employment of women.

Dealing with agricultural production, particularly wheat, potatoes, sugar-beet, and vegetables, the White Paper states that the net output of human foods is estimated to have increased by at least 70 per cent., and food imports to have been reduced by half.

Land under the plough increased from 8,813,000 acres in 1939 to 14,617,000 in 1944.

At once a grim and glorious record of a great people fully mobilised for total war. Such development in itself demonstrates Britain's absolute determination to win the war—to win the peace. The British people were sustained in their desperate peril in 1940 by the certainty of the goodness of their cause. Their moral conviction guaranteed their conduct. Now it cements a Grand Alliance of 36 nations. And it gives a complete and convincing denial to the propaganda lie—sedulously fostered in certain quarters—that Great Britain has been content to let others do her fighting!!

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An interview with a Senior Officer of the Company is suggested, or you might prefer to write for booklets.

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33-39 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.

BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

Remarkable games of snooker played—Billiard Champions' efforts for patriotic funds—How some of our boys overcame difficulties in a P.O.W. camp.

Away back in the bad old days all billiards played at night was per medium of candle light. If a cueist was of extra poor quality he was referred to as not being worth a candle. That is how the expression so frequently used to-day came into being.

Here's a poser for snooker players and records an actual happening between two Englishmen, the late Tom Newman and champion Joe Davis.

Davis had first shot and "broke" the Diamond. Newman found a

time and skill where their attributes could be turned into cash for the khaki-clad.

It is the same in England where all the leading professionals have kept up a continuous series of exhibition games since the first gun was fired in 1939.

Latest information to hand tells of a patriotic billiards carnival organised by Mr. Austin Carriss of the Billiards Control Council. It took place at Selldon Park Hotel, Sanderstead, and £1,535 was netted. Mrs. Churchill presented a doll,

ish in the number of outstanding attributes in all manner of sport.

Crossland was one of the best amateur billiard and snooker players in the history of English championships. A deadly potter and remarkably adept at safety play.

As an all-round sport he played cricket for Yorkshire and just missed selection in Lillywhite's team which toured Australia. He was a plus four golfer and won several championships with the rifle. In athletics he was equally prominent and at one time held the British hop-step-and-jump record. He could also scamper over 100 yards in evens. Crossland was a first-class pianist and banjo player, while as a conjurer he had few equals.

Billiards for P.O.W.

There is no doubt the initiative of the average Australian when he is pushed. Here is a story released by the Australian Red Cross Society and passed by the Publicity Censor (Circular 737):—

"Snooker enthusiasts in a P.O.W. camp in Europe, finding themselves without equipment for their game, refused to take 'no' for an answer. Some of them set to on making a table while another set to on a plan for producing balls.

"I filled table-tennis balls with plaster of paris, he said, and did the trick with a syringe. It was not so simple. I managed to colour the balls with dyes available. Naturally, the balls were only half-size, but we had lots of fun."

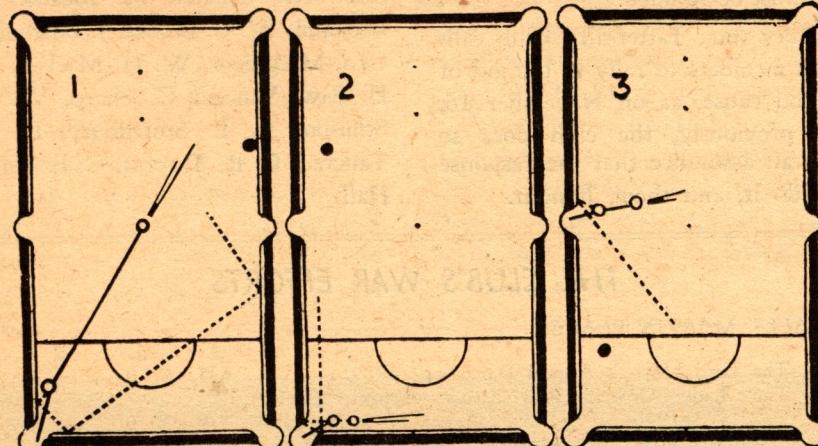
That's about the cheeriest news we've ever had from a Prisoner of War Camp. Loud cheers!

Easy to Learn.

A well known champion recently had a visit from two ladies, one of whom desired a lesson on how to play billiards.

The lesson was duly given, and the pro., sensing the possibility of further emoluments, asked the second lady in the piece if she would care to have a lesson. The pro. was staggered with the reply:

"Oh, no thanks. I learned last week!"



Depicted above are three "run-through" shots as practised regularly by world champion Walter Lindrum to ensure easy position from difficult leaves. In No. 1 diagram in-off white is played and the opposing ball is dropped in handy position to bring the red into play. In No. 2 the in-off forces the second white out of baulk and toward the red, which looks safe. In No. 3 a gentle run-through into centre pocket opens the way for a series of losing hazards or cannon on to the red which is in baulk.

loose red and in one break took eight reds, eight blacks, and one red-and-pink to make his tally 71 before breaking down. Then Davis got going and took five red-and-blacks, one red-and-blue, and all the pool balls. That made him winner 73-71 and each player had potted the same number of balls — 18.

When the history of the war is written, and efforts expended by individuals in patriotic efforts are detailed, billiard players will be prominent among the top-liners. Our own Walter Lindrum will be well up with a tally, to-day, exceeding more than £50,000. His nephew, Horace, has also rendered yeoman service and is still giving his services freely to all who seek them for any of the various Funds. Others, too, placed

and, by auction, it brought £74; also two Churchill cigars were sold for £20, a Tom Newman cue for £25, and three Joe Davis sticks at fifteen guineas each. By way of return, a 9-inch cigar was purchased for £12 and sent to the British Prime Minister for an after-dinner puff.

Old-Timer Passes.

News from England tells of the death of Harold Crossland. He would only be known to the older generation but, in his day, was quoted as a possible rival to our own "Snowy" Baker as an all-round sportsman. There was a time when certain people were prepared to back "Snowy" for good money against all-comers and there could be no denying that the ex-interstate Rugby Union footballer was freak-

British Forces Night

NET RESULT £1816

BRITISH FORCES NIGHT, in aid of the British Centre, was still another of those occasions on which the members rallied to a good cause.

As the notice stated: "The men who took it are on their way to give it."

Their coming is in fulfilment of Churchill's pledge, and will complete the brotherhood-in-arms of Britain, America and Australia.

The hour of our destiny has struck. An offensive has been mounted, and is gathering momentum daily. The issues now being resolved are matters of life or death to us nationally.

We, or some of us, may talk airily of great plans "after the war." The fact is that the war has still to be won against a fanatical people. So it is that the spirit of winning the war must be kept robustly alive here on the home front.

The nights held by Tattersall's

Club revivify the war-winning spirit. They represent our obligation, our contribution; and there is none among us who would cheat himself of that privilege. The response each time, and all the time, it as it should be — splendid.

We are not out as a club to outdo any other institution simply to court precedence. We are proud to be numbered among other institutions who realise that honorable commitments have been undertaken and must be fulfilled.

Every time Tattersall's Club calls to its members to rally to the aid of a good cause, as on November 16, and previously, the club does so with an assurance that the response will do it, and them, honour.

The Honor Roll of Helpers reads: Mrs. F. Gately, Mrs. A. Codey, Mr. Mark Barnett and members of his staff, Messrs. H. G. Warburton, W. A. McDonald, F. J. Empson, L. P. Hughes, P. Smith, W. S. Crawford, Claude Spencer, W. Lander, K. F. Williams, W. R. Granger.

Their untiring energy on a very trying night was greatly encouraged by the knowledge that valuable support in the form of goods or cash had been donated by Messrs. E. Bookallil, W. C. Brooks, J. Burrough, Geo. Macgregor, W. H. Mackay, H. D. Saw, Vincent C. Sharp, W. P. Stimson, A. E. Stutchbury, H. E. Tancred, C. R. Tarrant, C. F. Viner Hall.

THE CLUB'S WAR EFFORTS

STALLS, MARTIN PLACE:

| | £ | s. | d. | £ | s. | d. |
|--|-----|----|----|-------|----|----|
| The Lord Mayor's Appeal Day, 1/12/1939 | 625 | 6 | 0 | | | |
| The Lady Gowrie Red Cross Appeal Day, 15/3/1940 | 350 | 3 | 0 | | | |
| "Australia Day," 4/10/1940 | 284 | 14 | 8 | | | |
| "Red Cross Day," 6/12/1940 | 238 | 2 | 8 | | | |
| Comforts Fund Appeal Day, 23/5/1941 | 366 | 13 | 0 | | | |
| "V" for Victory Drive, 5/9/1941 | 349 | 15 | 3 | | | |
| | | | | 2,214 | 14 | 7 |

RACE MEETINGS:

| | | | |
|---|--------|----|---|
| "Carrington Stakes Day," 27/12/1940, in aid of The Lord Mayor's Fund | 2,700 | 9 | 1 |
| "Carrington Stakes Day," 28/12/1941, in aid of The Lord Mayor's Fund | 5,216 | 11 | 2 |
| "Prisoners of War Fund," 23/5/1942 | 3,802 | 7 | 9 |
| | 11,719 | 8 | 0 |

DONATIONS TO:

| | | | |
|--|-------|---|---|
| Red Cross Race Meeting, 11/12/1943 | 500 | 0 | 0 |
| A.C.F. Race Meeting, 18/3/1943 | 500 | 0 | 0 |
| Red Cross Race Meeting, 2/9/1944 | 600 | 0 | 0 |
| | 1,600 | 0 | 0 |

CARNIVAL NIGHTS, CLUB HOUSE:

| | | | |
|--|---------|----|----|
| 28th August, 1941 | 267 | 9 | 9 |
| 30th July, 1942 | 379 | 12 | 11 |
| 17th December, 1942 | 578 | 12 | 5 |
| 17th June, 1943, "Red Cross Night" | 965 | 3 | 0 |
| 16th December, 1943 | 1,500 | 0 | 0 |
| 16th November, 1944 | 1,664 | 13 | 3 |
| 27th July, 1944 | 1,816 | 5 | 6 |
| | 7,171 | 16 | 10 |
| | £22,705 | 19 | 5 |

Leading Sires in England

It is not so easy for breeders to know which are the sires whose daughters have been most successful as producers of winners this season in England, writes Audax in "Horse and Hound." The following information, therefore, will no doubt be welcomed. As would be expected, the four Classic winners this year have had their influence upon the figures credited to the leading sires, which are as under:—

| Name | Winners | Races | Amnt. |
|--------------------------|---------|-------|-------|
| | Won | | £ |
| Hurry On | 6 | 9 | 8,583 |
| Blandford | 14 | 19½ | 6,062 |
| Tetratema | 11 | 18½ | 5,157 |
| Rabelais | 2 | 3 | 4,668 |
| Papyrus | 7 | 9 | 3,752 |
| Dark Legend | 2 | 7 | 3,490 |
| Omar Khayyam (U.S.A.) | 1 | 1 | 3,483 |
| Phalaris | 6 | 7 | 3,471 |
| Fairway | 8 | 9 | 3,316 |
| Son-in-Law | 10 | 10½ | 3,013 |
| Friar Marcus | 7 | 10 | 2,827 |
| Solario | 7 | 8 | 2,612 |
| Bachelors Double | 3 | 6 | 2,583 |

Ocean Swell has won £6,371 of Hurry On's total; the best from Blandford mares are Umiddad and Fordham; High Sheriff is the best

for Tetratema; Garden Path and Hydrangea are the winners from Ranai, by Rabelais.

The best from Papyrus mares are Channel Swell and Advocate; while the unbeaten Dante and his half-brother Harloway are from a daughter of Dark Legend.

Picture Play (One Thousand Guineas) is from a Phalaris mare, while the outstanding winner from a Fairway mare is Trimbush.

Son-in-Law mares have many winners, but nothing notable. Abbot's Fell is from a Friar Marcus mare; Solario has fallen far from leadership as last year. That game mare Bright Lady so far is the best from his daughters this season.

Naturally the Oaks winner, Hyrcilla, accounts for the position of Omar Khayyam, which Kentucky Derby winner was exported as a yearling and was sired by Marco out of Lisma, by Persimmon.

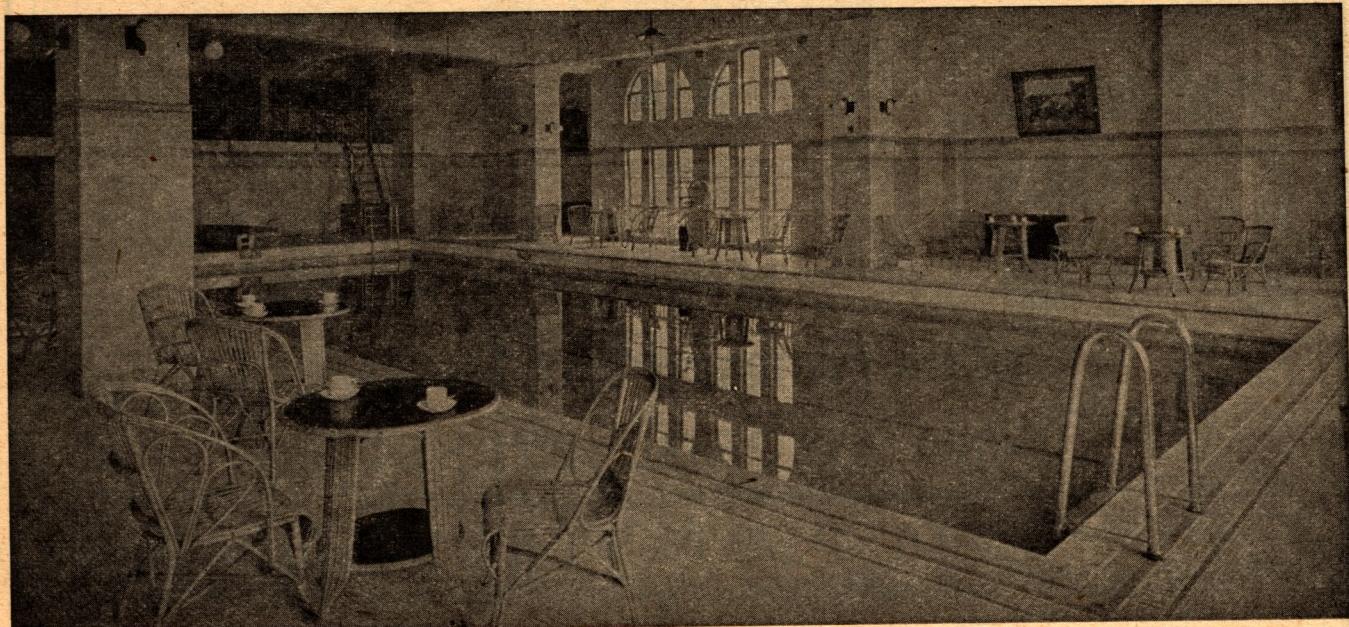
Lord Ellesmere Passes

Leading Turf Administrator.

Lord Ellesmere, whose death was announced recently at the age of 71, was connected with the administration of racing for a great many years. He was elected a member of the Jockey Club in 1915 and during his period as Senior Steward was responsible for the introduction in England of the improved starting gate. He was also a member of the committee set up to determine how betting could be made to contribute to the maintenance of racing. The outcome of this was the totalisator.

Lord Ellesmere owned and bred a number of useful racehorses, and his death recalls what has been described as the finest race ever seen over the Exeter course—the July Cup of 1929. In this race Lord Ellesmere's famous filly Tiffin ran a splendid race to beat Royal Minstrel and so retain her unbeaten record. Tiffin won £16,000 in stake money.

Heir to the title is Viscount Brackley, a lieutenant in the R.A.C., who is a prisoner of war in Germany.



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JUST FIGHTING WILD

Some Fanciful Comparisons

Somebody in U.S.A. started a discussion on the best fighter in the world.

The argument spread beyond the human race, and Grantland Rice gathered in the main ideas.

On the human side our selection has always been Harry Greb, writes Rice, a 160-pound whirlwind who in ring contests or training periods practically wrecked such star entries as Gene Tunney, Jack Dempsey, Tom Gibbons and Jack Dillon.

I am referring to the Greb who had two eyes, when he first wrecked Tunney and Gibbons, and when he completely bewildered Dempsey with his speed in a training spot.

My friend Frank Buck goes on beyond Greb or Stan Ketchel or Joe Gans or the pick of the human lot. Buck nominates the wolverine—a thirty-five or forty pound terror from Michigan and a few other northern middle west States.

"The wolverine, pound for pound, is the world's gamest and greatest fighter," Buck says. "The badger is tough, but not quite as tough as the wolverine. You know even a 250 lb. bear doesn't match any part of the wolverine, which is not only fast and strong, but likes to fight."

"I can't think of any animal which won't give the wolverine the right of way. What he could do to a 100-pound police dog or a Great Dane wouldn't even be close. I can't think of a dog that a thirty-five pound wolverine wouldn't wreck in a few minutes."

Our knowledge of wolverines has been largely limited to Michigan football teams. These also haven't been any too soft. But they haven't quite been able to match their namesakes, since a team known as Min-

nesota's Gophers have annoyed them no little in recent years. In animal parlance the gopher is no great killer. But he is something different on a football field.

I asked Mr. Buck just why a wolverine was so tough.

"Every part of him is tough," Frank said, "including teeth, claws, and especially heart."

I tried to pin Buck down to naming the world's greatest fighting animal. This naturally leaves the human out, unless you give him a gun. The human is a rather puny animal when he isn't armed. Twenty or thirty animals would outclass him on even terms.

Among the best of the animal breed Mr. Buck includes the elephant, the gorilla, the tiger, the lion, the leopard, the grizzly bear and the big python.

"The elephant is just too big," he says. "But one of the greatest fights ever known would be between a tiger or a lion and a grizzly bear. They would be well matched in weight. The grizzly is much stronger than either a tiger or a lion. He isn't as quick but he has a thick, protecting coat of hair around his throat. But either a tiger or a lion would have to get him in a hurry or lose the decision. And I don't think either could get him in a hurry."

"What about the grizzly, lion or tiger against a big python?" I asked. Buck "brought back" a python that measured twenty-nine feet.

"You may remember," he said, "that in the python-tiger fight picture I made, the python was on the winning side. I wouldn't want to bet on any animal against a big python. I saw one kill a leopard in just a few seconds."

Then we began talking about Gargantua, the big circus gorilla. How would he come out against anything except an elephant?

Mr. Buck admitted that Gargantua would be something to stop. Big, powerful, fast and vicious — some 600 pounds of dynamite — Gargantua would be no push-over against tiger, lion or grizzly.

I ran in another reptile on Buck. "What about the King Cobra?"

That one rolled him back. "Even a dumb animal," he said, "wants no part of a King Cobra. A King Cobra carries enough poison to kill twenty men. He takes his own rifle or his own machine gun with him. He has the largest package of deadly poison ever placed in one set of fangs."

We are offering these vital statistics to those who keep asking how Louis and Dempsey, or how Tunney and Corbett would come out in a swinging joust.

Our answer is that Louis, Dempsey, Tunney and Corbett would be completely outclassed by any grizzly, lion, tiger, gorilla, python or King Cobra in any hand-to-hand or fang-to-fang collision.

Tunney still thinks that a good fighter can lick a gorilla. I don't think Tunney, Dempsey and Louis together could handle Gargantua. And I would like to wager many rupees that you couldn't get Tunney, Dempsey and Louis into the same cage with a King Cobra.

RACING FIXTURES DECEMBER.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|-----------------------|
| Moorefield | Saturday, 2nd |
| Canterbury | Saturday, 9th |
| Ascot | Saturday, 16th |
| A.J.C. (Summer Meeting), Sat., 23rd | |
| A.J.C. (Summer Meeting), Tues., 26th | |
| Tattersall's | Saturday, 30th |

JANUARY.

| | |
|--------------|-------------|
| Tattersall's | Monday, 1st |
|--------------|-------------|

DANDRUFF GOES!



After a few applications of McMahon's Hair Restorer . . . leaving the scalp clean and fresh. McMahon's is quickly effective for scurf, itching and dryness of the scalp and for falling hair. Good, too, for cradle-cap . . . because McMahon's may be used on the tenderest scalp. McMahon's Hair Restorer promotes growth, keeps the hair lustrous and soft.

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Wholesale: Craig & Aitken Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

McMahon's
GUARANTEED

HAIR RESTORER

Spectacular Figures

H.H. Aga Khan Wins and Buys

H.H. Aga Khan continues to loom large in English racing.

During mid-September he won the St. Leger with Tehran and during the same week paid 23,500 guineas for two yearling colts at auction.

Tehran was the fifth St. Leger winner owned by H.H. Aga Khan, and the fifth ridden by England's champion jockey, Gordon Richards.

Richards rode three winners, including a dead-heat, on St. Leger Day.

Results of the Yearling Sales at Newmarket were a revelation, even to the most optimistic vendor of bloodstock.

During the two days 306 youngsters changed hands for a total of 345,150 guineas, showing an average of 1,128 gns. Previous best average since 1939 was 732 gns. at the September Sales last year. The all-

time record was set up in 1928 at Doncaster, when 351 lots sold for an average of 1,136 gns.

This year's top price was 12,500 gns. paid by Frank Butters on behalf of H.H. Aga Khan for the Sledmere Stud's colt by Hyperion—Queen Christina. Previous wartime best was 8,200 gns., also by the Aga Khan, for Hyderabad in 1941 and for Hyder Ali in 1942.

Sledmere Stud stock made their record average of 4,980 gns. for five. In 1920 13 lots averaged 4,234 gns.

Another feature was the splendid result of the sale of the youngsters from the National Stud. Six were sold for 29,200 gns., the average being 4,866 gns. Top price was 11,000 gns. for the Caretta colt by Blue Peter to the Aga Khan. A colt by Mieuxce out of Snowberry was sold to Mrs. Nagle for 8,500 gns.

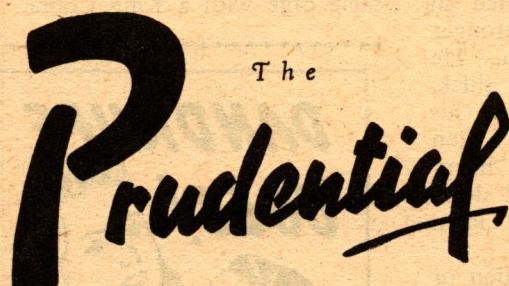
CIRCUMSTANCE

During the battle of Chambois, which decided the fate of the German 7th Army, the Allies took many German prisoners.

A few days later Captain Grom, a Pole, who before the war was one of the leading Polish horsemen, captured a German major with whom he used to compete at horse shows. While Captain Grom was inspecting a detachment of prisoners to be sent to Britain the German major rushed towards him and tried to shake hands.

"Don't you remember me?" he said. "We used to compete in horse shows in Warsaw, Berlin, Brussels and Rome."

"Yes, I do," answered Captain Grom; "but you don't seem to remember that you are now my enemy as well as my prisoner. And after what your countrymen have been doing in Poland for the past five years and what they are still doing in Warsaw, a German officer is not a person I care to shake hands with."—"Horse and Hound."



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Operating British Hotels in the Blitz

How England's Hotel Men Handle Many Difficult Problems Resulting from Wartime Stringencies

By Annette M. Snapper, Director of Consumer Service, Pabst Brewing Company.

Not long before the war many hotels in the British Isles had modernised. While many still have the marble, gilt and plush of the Victorian era, some are suggestive—especially in their lobbies and bars—of "The House of To-morrow." Any one entering the Euston in London, the Grand at Sheffield, the Central at Glasgow, or the Midland in Manchester, might imagine himself in one of the most modern American hotels. At the Midland I had a peach and black toned bathroom which was the last word in modernity.

The Goring Hotel, built in 1910, was the first in London to have a bath for every room. In the very interesting book written by Mr. O. G. Goring, "From Goring House to Buckingham Palace," it is shown that the original Goring House was on the site now occupied by the Palace. Goring House caters to retired business men, well-to-do widows and the best class of country people, most of whom are well along in years.

Mr. Goring said that his guests, who in the past employed considerable help in their own homes, understand the situation to-day and are most co-operative. If necessary they would make their own beds and serve their own food, he said, but so far this has not been necessary. He said it is not this type of guest who constitutes a hotel problem nowadays, but rather the person who has never known service before and who wants more service than was rendered even in the past.

Hotel Guests Who Co-operate.

With this in mind, the policy of the Goring—as it was at other good hotels I visited—is to give first consideration to the old patron. Mr. Goring stressed the point that courtesy is a commodity which costs little and buys much, and that it is the greatest asset of any business. He said that only when courtesy exists

within the hotel personnel, and is projected from the management to the employee, can it be expected to function properly in the relationships between hotel and guest.

When hotel men over here get discouraged because of wartime regulations based on theory which cannot function practically, it may cheer them to know that this practice is not limited to the American powers that be.

The British Ministry of Information and the Ministry of Supply sent out hundreds of thousands of circulars asking people to bring their own towels when they visited hotels. Newspapers urged the same thing. Mr. Goring told me the outcome. Lots of people are not so situated that they can bring towels, and those that do are faced with the task of taking them away. If they bathe in the morning the towel is sopping wet and cannot be packed. If they bathe the night before the towel is still damp and apt to damage other things in the bag. Guests expected hotels to forward towels to them, which constituted a labour problem of no small dimensions.

The regulation, though impractical, did, however, teach hotel men the importance of rigid towel control. There may be no waste of towels, and no surplus left in guest rooms.

The Benefits of Simplified Menus.

Mr. Goring felt that menu limitations enforced by the Food Ministry had taught hotels a lesson they had long needed—that it is easier to prepare things well when you don't have too many, than to turn out universally good dishes while trying to please everybody. He said that even inferior cooks can be taught if you don't have to teach them how to prepare all the dishes in the book.

I learned from Mr. Goring that the restaurants and hotels of London now have an organisation which would be able to help the homeless in the event of another major breakdown such as was caused by the 1940

bombings. Probably, with the robot bombings, it is functioning actively right now. People would go to schools where they would be fed. There is a rest centre in each school and each centre has enough food for 24 hours.

If the emergency were so great that the food wouldn't carry through, Mr. Goring and a committee of which he is the head could turn to sources which they have tabulated and pick up 50,000 to 60,000 meals in two or three hours after that first 24-hour period. They could gather 250,000 meals within a given area in a short time, and could keep that huge amount coming as long as necessary.

In such cases people would go into certain places with their own utensils where they would be charged about 12 cents for meat stew, a couple of cents for bread and a couple for tea. If people were without money they would sign a "chit" which would be redeemed by the Government.

A Combined Hotel and Masonic Temple.

Among the interesting hotel men I met in London was Mr. Ernest Banks, Manager of Food Service at the Horse Shoe Hotel on Tottenham Court Road. This is an old hotel which has always been famous for its foods and wines. It still has a good cellar and it attracts a large luncheon business. It cannot attract a good dinner crowd because it does not have enough food to do a good dinner job.

The Horse Shoe Hotel is unique in that it houses a beautiful Masonic Temple built into its upper floors. The hotel has been badly knocked around by bombs, but the Masonic Temple was virtually unharmed. It is still the meeting place of some 45 lodges. The hotel caters to Masonic affairs with the understanding that members must accept whatever food is available and bear the cost of the waiters brought in for the serving of the meals. These waiters are ob-

(Continued on Page 16.)

TATTERSALL'S CLUB
SPECIALY IMPORTED
**HOUSE
Whisky**

(*Highland Nectar*)

PRODUCE OF SCOTLAND

Bottled under the supervision
of the Commonwealth Customs

THEY CAN SELL ANYTHING

By Mark Priestly and William Engls

In the account books of the British War Office one name crops up again and again—that of Myer Levy. Whenever the War Office has anything it doesn't want, Mr. Myer as often as not buys it.

He once bought hundreds of yards of Mons Star Medal ribbon which had been left over from the War. The material seemed completely useless unless—as one Army official declared—he use it for tying up Christmas parcels.

But Myer Levy had a better idea than that. He used the ribbon to help hold up trousers. Soon thousands of men up and down England were proudly wearing Mons Star braces!

Myer Levy has just turned forty. He is an enormously rich man. Yet he was once an errand boy, and later a farm boy at 2s. (50 cents) a week.

His great chance came ten years ago when the War Office wanted to sell its old boots.

Leather dealers inspected the goods, but when they found thousands of pairs were in sizes 10 to 16 they sniffed. "Nobody has such big feet" they declared. And when they found that many of the boots were odd and fitted only the left foot they walked away.

Myer Levy studied the situation more seriously. A ten per cent. deposit, he discovered, would give him a corner in old army boots. So he planked down his savings.

Two strange facts spelled money for him in the boots nobody wanted. One was that many Irish folk go barefooted when young. The other was that Afghans wear no socks.

Levy knew the Irish became very broad footed as a result of going without shoes. So he had the out-size boots cut down a few sizes. It cost only a shilling a pair, and though the resultant boots were strangely broad they sold very well to the Irish.

Other large sizes were shipped straight off to Afghanistan where they at once found a market. For Levy knew that the Afghans wrap rags around their feet and need large boots in consequence.

With the stacks of boots all fitting one foot, he adopted clever measures. He simply had the soles of many left boots taken off, turned over, and sewn on again. With a trifling alteration to the uppers they made perfect pairs.

In no time Levy had discharged his debt to the War Office and found himself with a profit so handsome that he was able to build a large office and factory building.

One day the War Office had another junk lot. Guardsmen's bearskins cost 25 dollars each when new, but an old bearskin doesn't seem of much use to anybody. The War Office had some so old that they had seen service at Balaclava. Myer had them cut up, cleaned, and sewn together flat, eight or ten at a time.

In homes all over Britain to-day, thanks to Levy's business sense, there are nice bearskin rugs!

Many workmen, though they don't know it, are wearing trousers which once formed part of the bright blue hospital suits worn by wounded soldiers.

These suits have now practically vanished from the world, and Mr. Levy knows why. He bought up thousands, paying for them by the ton at rag prices. Then he dyed the trousers and sold them as "suitable for workmen."

The coats were a problem, but soon Levy found that the linings could be dyed and made into dungarees. The unwanted material he sold as waste for a better price than he had given.

And still he goes on buying up stuff other purchasers will not consider.

Mr. Jacob Goldberg in the United States is doing the same thing. He, his father Joseph, and their associate, S. P. Poling of the National Surplus Co., have built up their business upon the theory that a perspicacious salesman can find a market for anything; it's all a matter of knowing how to present the product.

"After we bought the 21,000,000 dollars army camp," said Jacob Goldberg, "we happened to come across 100,000 bugles one morning."

There was no market for them, of course. The War was over, bugling was on the wane. But that did not daunt Mr. Goldberg.

"We buffed them," he said. "They shone like the sun. We put them in specially designed boxes—on one side Uncle Sam, on the other side No Man's Land, on another a drill ground, on the other the name."

Thereafter in Boy Scout magazines up and down the world they advertised. They proposed to send bugles and instructions for playing. They offered free instruments to Scout leaders. In three months the bugles were gone.

The camp of the bugles was only one of the five big ones they bought after the Government found them useless on its hands in the early post-war days. They found it useless, too, until they figured out the "Own Your Own Home for 100 Dollars" plan.

They advertised the lumber of the camp for sale. People could come and take as much as they needed to build a house. They could come and take fixtures, everything. They got a home for 100 dollars, and some of them hauled those homes they assembled at the camp as far as 150 miles.

But even the army of prospective home-builders which they enlisted with the 100 dollar offer at Camp Funston and the others did not require all their timber. They sold the rest to big companies to be used for crating.

That was no harder to do than to find purchasers for 30,000 pairs of high-topped pointed shoes for women in the type of a previous generation.

"They were good merchandise," said Mr. Goldberg. "Yet we found that we probably couldn't sell 24 pairs. The next thing, of course, was to go to work on them. That's what you do when you find your product, as it is, won't possibly go."

They had the tops cut off a dozen pairs. They went to see Amtorg, representing Soviet interest in the United States. The Soviets were

glad to buy the whole stock, take it to Russia and cut off the tops themselves.

Over one deal, however, they once had some difficulty.

The Missouri River flooded a warehouse near St. Louis. When it went down they bought the contents — 2,000,000 pounds of sugar that had been drenched and then dried out hard as cement.

The had hopes of it until the Pure Food Department came along and found it was no good for human consumption. They put labels on the building and gave them ten days to dump the whole works in the river.

Mr. Goldberg resorted to the public library. He studied sugar, seeking to learn what might be done with it besides eating it.

Then he did some long, hard telephoning to apiaries in the Northwest. Within the month they shipped the whole sugar supply under Government seal to Utah, Washington and Oregon.

They fed it to their bees.

When Mr. Goldberg undertook to put the street car system of Trenton on the market — 85 cars, power lines, poles, rails, and tons of copper wire — some of the cars became bodies for lunch stands, others were transformed into country cabins and filling stations, and some were put on rails again in New York, Scranton and Mexico City.

Rails went to the Roebling Co. to become steel in the San Francisco bridge, copper to the American Smelting and Refining Co., wooden poles to Trenton home-owners for firewood and steel poles to Seattle for China.

When apartments came down to make way for the Tri-Borough bridge, he bought a multitude of bathtubs. They are serving now in Canada.

Mr. Goldberg's method of selling for many years has produced a fertile field of prospects for each succeeding endeavour. He has so many kinds of things in so many places that he has in his filing cabinets now what he regards as an array of data and names invaluable in almost any selling problem that may fall his way.

Mr. Goldberg can sell anything.

Operating British Hotels in the Blitz

(Continued from Page 13.)

tained from a restaurant in the Law Courts, where only luncheon is served.

The Horse Shoe Grill is a lovely room, panelled in wood. At one end it has a beautiful old tile and brass charcoal grill. Mr. Banks bemoaned the fact that the brass could not be kept as shinily bright as it should be because of lack of help, and that the grill could not be used because there was nothing available for grilling. He hopes that after the war the Grill will once again be famous for its steaks and chops.

England's Famous Railway Hotels.

Among the hotels I visited throughout the British Isles many belong to the railways. The York Station Hotel, for instance, is run by the London and North Eastern Railways. They also operate the North British Hotel where I stayed, in Edinburgh, Scotland. The North British is situated on Princes Street, one of the world's most beautiful thoroughfares. The hotel is imposing, with fine public rooms, a busy, heavily carpeted lobby and a general air of importance.

Mr. G. Soutar, the Manager, told me that no theory is included in the personnel training which they are conducting nowadays, but that everything is confined to actual practice. It is important, he said, always to give the new worker the feeling of supervision. This they do by scattering their experienced workers among all newcomers. They concentrate on instilling a feeling of responsibility in their workers.

Cutting Towels and Napkins in Half.

It was Mr. Towle, managing director, who originated the idea of cutting table napkins as well as large bath towels in half. Even the halves are larger than the bath towels of America. The halving was done to make available supplies go farther and to reduce laundry work. Mr. Towle doubts that the L M S hotels will return to large, square napkins after the war.

While L M S officials still maintain essential records in their hotels each day, they are not as complete as they used to be and reports for their own

information have been cut to the bone. Wages are higher and everybody works harder, but the hours of work have been decreased rather than increased. Mr. Towle was sure that nobody in any L M S hotel worked more than 50 hours a week.

Less service is given the public, but cleanliness is being maintained. Aside from the matter of public hygiene and the hotel's responsibility to its guests, cleanliness helps to maintain equipment which cannot be replaced to-day. Clean carpets and upholstery are not subject to moths and cleanliness does away with the need for the frequent use of exterminators.

Mr. Towle said, although they use a moisture-proof varnish on furniture and surround guests with ash trays, they have no compunction about asking guests to be careful with their cigarettes.

Mr. Towle said they serve practically no liquor in guest rooms, but encourage drinkers to stay in the lounges. Aside from the moral issue, bedroom entertaining disturbs other guests, results in damaged furniture and leaves the room a shambles for the maids to clean up. If there is noise in a guest room after 11 o'clock, somebody is sent up to stop it. "People are working hard these days. They need their rest and the hotel owes them a good night's sleep if nothing else," Mr. Towle said.

He told me they keep track of food costs and have not diminished control. Because of rationing and price control in Britain, food costs are less but labour costs are up. L M S hotels do not serve any large groups. Mr. Towle said, "I think there is little profit in spasmodic banquets. The only people who make real money out of them are those who have such a steady banquet business that they can constantly maintain the services needed for that type of business."

Mr. Towle added, "The a la carte menu requires double the amount of kitchen help that the table d'hôte menu does. We feel that the a la carte menu is frightfully wasteful, especially in wartime. We couldn't have carried on in the L M S hotels if we hadn't discontinued our a la carte menu, because we couldn't have found the necessary food handlers and cooks."

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MUSWELLBROOK

IN the garden of Australia—the Upper Hunter Valley—and 180 miles from Sydney, is Muswellbrook, the centre of one of the richest dairying and pastoral districts in Australia.

Not only does the great New England Highway pass through the town, but Muswellbrook is an important railway junction which is destined for greater progress in the future.

As early as 1821, five hundred acres, known as "Ettoe" Farm on the stream known as Muscle Brook, were granted to Sarah Jenkins. At the same time Elizabeth Jenkins also received a grant called "Arlington". Two years later, with the arrival of two ships in Sydney Harbour, there came into being the most important holding on the Upper Hunter for Peter MacIntyre, with Captain Francis Allman, selected land in the Upper Hunter, Peter MacIntyre being granted 20,000 acres which ultimately became the famous holding "Segenhoe"; Captain Allman later held "Kelso Place".

The names of early run-holders in the Muscle Brook district read like a roll call of pioneers:—George and Francis Forbes of "Edinglassie" and "Skellatar", John Bell of "Bengalla", William Cox Snr. of "Rosebrook", William Cox of "Nugoa", Donald MacIntyre of "Kyuga", William Merrett of "Lupton Park" and Colonel Dumaresq of "St. Helliers."

Allan Cunningham, in May 1823, exploring in the district came only some distance westward of Muscle Brook. However, in 1824 Assistant Surveyors Dangar and Richards, with two men, Williamson and Allen and a black boy, traversed the area and although their adventures included an affray with fiercely hostile blacks when nearing the border of the Liverpool Plains, they eventually reached safety at Dr. Bowman's farm, then the highest on the Hunter River. The party reported on the rich river flats they had crossed, particularly near the stream where the blackfellows searched for the shellfish—mussels, hence it has been thought, Muscle Brook.

Allan Cunningham, on his second visit to the district in 1827, set out from "Segenhoe" on his journey to the Darling Downs. It was after his friend Peter MacIntyre that he named the MacIntyre River. Cunningham's report on this occasion was a good deal more glowing than the one he made in 1823. He said of Muswellbrook—"This beautiful tract of country was but lately discovered by Mr. H. Dangar, our zealous surveyor on this river, and such was the eagerness to obtain location here that it

was all granted away in a very few months after that gentleman's first visit.

Here are estates of many thousands of acres stocked with fine-wooled sheep... Indeed there is no settler of any note who is not turning his attention to the production of wool. There may be 20,000 sheep there and soon it will be necessary to send a ship to Newcastle to carry off the wool."

And thus so early as this, was the potential richness of Muscle Brook noted.

The year 1831 is the approximate year of the real beginning of the town of Muswellbrook. About this time too, the first inn, an old slab hotel called the "Rose Inn", on the site of the present Royal Hotel, came into being. It is of interest to note that Muscle Brook then was the centre from which convict labour was leased out to the surrounding holdings.

A request originating from residents along the Hunter River in 1833 asked for a township at Muscle Brook, this request being granted by the then Governor, Sir Richard Bourke.

Applications for township building allotments were made almost immediately. Half acre lots in Brooks and Hunter Streets sold in 1834 brought from £1 to £9/6/8 each.

A Post Office was established in 1837, the mails being taken by a conveyance running between Darlington and Invermein.

About 1838 the spelling of the name of the town was changed from M-u-s-c-l-e to M-u-s-w-e-l-l; this change has been attributed by some to Sir Francis Forbes, who it is thought so called the place after Muswell Hill in London where he attended school, although the opinion still exists that the name of the town emanated from the shellfish or muscles found there by early settlers.

The first passenger coach from Singleton, Maitland and Morpeth arrived in 1843 and in the same year the first church, St. Albans, was erected by convict labour and consecrated by Bishop Broughton in 1845.

A reverend gentleman, B. G. Boodle, M.A., gives an interesting description of the town in 1848—"Muswellbrook has a population of about 300 including a doctor and a Clerk of Petty Sessions. There are four or five storekeepers and five publicans. There is a "boiling-down" works. The streets are broad and here and there in the middle of the roadways are stumps of old forest trees

standing as the cross-cut saw of the first clearing has left them. Only about 20 of the houses are brick, the rest including the "court house" (a four room cottage) are slab or weather-board."

In 1850 the new Court House was built and it was here that the blackfellows of the district received on the Queen's birthday a blanket each, with the word "Muswellbrook" and the figure of an aborigine well branded on them.

On the 9th April, 1863, Peter Clarke was killed by Wilson the bushranger, whom he also killed, and to this gallant man, Clarke, is a fine memorial erected in St. Alban's churchyard.

To a royal salute, Governor Belmore arrived in Muswellbrook on the 19th May, 1869 to open the railway from Singleton and from the ever-growing total of primary products transported from the district, some idea may be gained of what the railway has meant to Muswellbrook.

As early as 1870 Muswellbrook was proclaimed a Municipality and the township, a fine example of self-help, progressed steadily to the close of the century. Gas was reticulated in 1894.

Mr. White of "Edinglassie" gained fame in the Muswellbrook area as a water divisor. Up to 1910 he had located numerous wells and by means of his power in this direction, he discovered a 30 feet seam of coal which is in production to-day.

A water service was established in 1913 and electric light followed in 1923; the town is most fortunate in possessing the splendid "White Memorial Swimming Baths" where State Country Swimming Championships have been held.

Practically the whole of the district is rich in soil and eminently adapted for lamb-raising, wool growing and cattle fattening whilst along the banks of the Hunter River there are a considerable number of dairy and agricultural farms. Several collieries in the district give employment to a large number of men and beef is chilled at Aberdeen about 7 miles from the town. The annual butter production is very considerable, and a rabbit-treating works was established about 1912. The district carries sheep to the number of many thousands, also cattle, horses and pigs. Irrigation at Muswellbrook has been responsible for the production of first class lucerne and maize and it is contemplated that greater work in this direction will be a feature of the future.

The town itself has shown healthy signs of progress, and as an important railway centre is well equipped with every modern institution and organisation for the welfare and continued advancement of the area that is Muswellbrook.

It may well be said that Muswellbrook is a district full of historic memories backed up by solid prosperity and tremendous possibilities.



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